A N

O D E,

In Honour of His MAJESTY'S BIRTH DAY,

BY DR. LAUGHTON.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, on RICHMOND-GREEN,

On SATURDAY the 4th of JUNE, 1774.

BRENTFORD:

PRINTED BY P. NORBURY, NEAR THE MARKET-PLACE.

M.DCC.LXXIV.

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THE

ODE.

AUSPICIOUS Morn!
Whoſe Rays ætherial tinge the dappl'd Sky,
The ſpacious Lawns, with pendent Gems adorn,
And call the Lark, to ſing thy Praiſe on High;
As thou diſperſs'ſt the gloomy Chill of Night,
And mantling Juices drooping Plants revive,
Let me with Nature feel the vaſt Delight,
With grateful Senſe, be ev'ry Nerve alive.

Through

Through all our Hearts, energic Warmth infuſe,
Inſpire the Muſe,
She's caught the Fire,
With trembling Limbs, ſhe ſtrikes the warbling Lyre.
The royal Smiles a genial Ray impart,
Give lofty Powers to the humble Strings,
Sweet Notes reſponſive thrill through ev'ry Heart,
Bright beaming Pleaſure round the Circle ſprings.

Happy Hymen, blooming Sage,
Led by Virtue, ſhame the Age,
The Vail withdrawn, in Virtue's ſeen,
The ſtriking Portrait of the Queen:
At whoſe Command, Apollo's *Suit deſcend,*
To hail Great-Britain's FATHER, KING, *and* FRIEND.

The echoing Vale
Incites the Nymphs, with flow'ry Chaplets crown'd,
To hear with Rapture the delightful Tale,
And Hand in Hand, to ſkim th'elaſtic Ground.
Vallonia, Empreſs of the verdant Meads,
More fair than *Venus* of th'*Idalian* Grove,
The beauteous Dance in graceful Meaſure leads,
With all the Train, and Charms of pureſt Love.
There ſwiftly falls, a moſt reſplendent Gleam,
On the Silver Stream;
Thames lifts his Head,
And ſtarts with Wonder, from his ſedgy Bed;
Thrice ſhook his Locks, and all amaz'd ſurvey'd
The towering Hill, and rich elyſian Plain
Of *Richmond*, where Nature and Art have laid,
The matchleſs Traces of Great GEORGE's Reign.

Happy

Happy Britain, much honour'd Shore,
Whoſe Fleets and Thunders awful roll,
And poize the Fate of either Pole,
In Bliſs abundant, Bliſs in ſtore.
Lo, the Genius of the Land,
Leads her Fav'rite by the Hand,
Graces roſy Garlands bring,
Diſtant Shores with Plaudits ring,
And grave Carmenta, *in majeſtic Tone,*
Foretels long Glories to the Britiſh Throne.

No more ſhall Rage, bold Albion's Soul poſſeſs,
Or gloom indignant with her poiſon'd Dart,
The tender Ties of Friendſhip, more diſtreſs,
And waſte the Comforts of the ſocial Heart.

Faction,

Faction, Clamour, Strife are fled,
Diſcord hides her baneful Head,
Jocund Peace in wanton Wiles,
Fills each Face with joyful Smiles.
A Briton born does now Britannia *raiſe,*
To taſte the Glories of Eliza's *Days.*
And Freedom's Sons united ſing,
With Heart and Voice, GOD SAVE THE KING.

FINIS.

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